Earn It

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Earn It

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Summary

The longer they spent together the harder it was to tell which parts belonged to whom.

Hannibal likes it rough, likes to earn Will's kindnesses.

Notes

Hi hello yes. Don't do this. Always use lube. Much thank.

Based on a gorgeous prompt from InfiniteCrisis on the Kinkmeme that went like this: Hannibal has to "earn" the right to be fucked with lube by being on his best behavior, otherwise Will takes him dry. Hannibal likes it either way but there's nothing like knowing he's made Will happy.

See the end of the work for more notes

“You’re home late,” Will commented from the study, loud enough for Hannibal to hear him from the door where he was hanging his coat up. Will said nothing more until Hannibal’s slow footsteps carried him down the hall to the study, where he stood in the doorway looking in. Will didn’t lift his eyes from the book he was reading. “I expected you home by eight.”

“Apologies,” Hannibal murmured, warmth in his tone suggesting as much a genuine apology as a knowing tease. “I found myself waylaid by a personal matter.”

“Which was?”

“Personal,” Hannibal repeated, tilting his head when Will finally looked up.

“Are there still secrets between us?”

“Mysteries, perhaps, Will, but not secrets.” Hannibal assured him. “Perhaps I wanted to surprise you.”

Will’s eyes narrowed in pleasure, just enough he closed his book against his finger and uncrossed his legs. “Let’s weigh it against your disobedience, and see which is sweeter to taste this evening.”

“I’m afraid I’ve got nothing to tip the scales,” Hannibal said. His own expression was anticipatory, his eyes lingering over the way Will tilted back to stare at him. “Your birthday isn’t for another two weeks. I’d hate to ruin the surprise.”

Will hummed. He set the book aside, rising from his seat in a fluid motion that drew Hannibal’s attention like a moth to flame.

“So,” Will said slowly, “you’ve broken a rule, and you’ve got nothing but your word to show for it?”

“Unfortunately so.” Hannibal drew in a slow breath as Will came to a stop in front of him.

“But your word isn’t worth very much if you’ve already broken it by being late. Is it?”

Will tucked the pads of two fingers under Hannibal’s jaw and forced his chin up. Hannibal was the taller of the two, but such manhandling had his eyes widening in that needy way Will liked so much.

“No, Sir.”

Will laughed darkly. “Oh, we’re using our pretty manners today? When has that ever helped you?”

“Never.”

Will grinned. “Go. You know where I want you.”

Hannibal went, eyes on Will until he passed him and would have had to turn his head. He went, as he had the first time Will had put on that tone and told him to go. He went because nothing made him happier than to see warmth soothe Will's serious features, and he wanted to be the one to do so with his obedience.

They had a word.

Neither ever used it.

They had limits, of course, they were human beings, but they liked to push them. There was a thrill in feeling boundless. There was power that came with debasement and the aftercare that followed. And there was an exquisite pleasure from causing and receiving pain.

And both of them were so, so good at it.

Hannibal went to the desk - *his* desk, he knew Will had specifically chosen it to add to the humiliation - and removed his tie first, laying it neatly across the mahogany top. His jacket next. His shirt. His belt.

"Stop," Will was close again, stepping up behind Hannibal and wrapping one arm around his middle, his other folding higher, across Hannibal's chest. His fingers teased through the hair on Hannibal's chest, tweaked his nipples almost gently, almost tenderly. "Take your pants down," he said, still holding Hannibal as he obeyed. Then Will dropped a hand to stroke him through his briefs, turning his nose against the elegant line of Hannibal's jaw.

Hannibal knew better than to whimper and whine, to in any way act as if this was done for his benefit and not as a prelude to an intimacy more violent than any other. He allowed himself a slow, tremorous inhale instead.

"You're so pretty when you behave," Will said, his tone mocking. His grip tightened on Hannibal's cock, just snug enough to draw a hiss through gritted teeth. "It's a shame you're so disobedient, usually."

But Will preferred him that way. They each liked the other raw, honest. Full of teeth and blood, a little bit of fight between them.

Now, though, he would be good. He'd take what Will gave him and reflect back obedience, to see what Will would accept.

Will braced a palm between Hannibal's shoulder blades and began to push, bending him over until his chest pressed against the wood. His hands traveled down Hannibal's flanks, a moment of intimacy before the touch turned rough, fingers hooking in the leg of his briefs and yanking until the seams ripped. He rubbed the pad of his index finger over Hannibal's dry hole.

"Do you think you'll bleed for me again?"

It was rare, as much as they both enjoyed truly tearing the other to pieces, it was rare it got rough enough for that. But the thought alone, the promise that it might, had Hannibal tensing

his muscles before relaxing over the desk once more. He arched his back, set his feet a little wider apart; presenting himself like an offering or a sacrifice.

“If you want me to.” Will slapped sharply against Hannibal’s thigh and he hissed in a slow breath before adding, “Sir.”

“Perhaps. I certainly want to see your tears, hear you begging me. Don’t try to silence yourself like you did once, you remember the consequences for it.”

Hannibal did. He wouldn’t.

Will rubbed his palms up and down Hannibal’s sides, over his ass, down his thighs, then turned his nails down against the skin and drew red angry marks over it instead. Enough to have Hannibal tense, push up a little on his toes, press his forehead to the polished wood.

“Did you miss me today?” Will asked him quietly, kissing up Hannibal’s spine and nuzzling the hair at the back of his neck.

“Desperately.”

Will grinned, turning his smile against Hannibal’s shoulder and squeezing hard where his hand grasped Hannibal’s inner thigh, encouraging him to spread his legs wider.

“As did I.” He sighed. “I was waiting for you to come home, to start dinner. I was going to spread you out in bed and draw your legs up over my shoulders. You look so good spread.” Hannibal groaned quietly, Will sucked a kiss to his skin. “I was going to take my time, open you up,” he popped the p and Hannibal’s breath caught. “But you decided to be disobedient. Decided to deny me the pleasure of eating your ass until you grow incoherent and *beg* me for my cock. No. Instead I find I have to remind you of your place here again.”

His hands cupped the curve of Hannibal’s ass, thumbs spreading him and the split fabric. Hannibal drew in a breath and let it out slowly.

At the very tail end of the breath, he felt the first nudge. Will rubbed the head of his cock teasingly over the tight entrance, applying just the slightest bit of pressure. Hannibal’s instincts screamed at him to brace himself, to tense up, but if he did that, he most certainly *would* tear.

“I want you to remember that you earned this,” Will told him, pushing just a bit harder. “When you’re lying awake tonight, sore and fucked out, I want you to think about how you’ll be better for me next time.

And then he moved, firm and unyielding. Hannibal rose up onto his toes, unable to stop himself as Will forced his way in, dry friction burning Hannibal more with every inch.

“So tight,” Will praised, rocking his hips a bit deeper. Hannibal choked, fingernails scrabbling at the desk. He was only halfway in, and Hannibal’s breath was already gone.

In truth, Hannibal lived for this. As much as he loved pleasing Will, seeing his smile, his pleasure, he lived for being *made to* . He took everything Will could throw at him, he was so

incredibly grateful for it.

He whined, now, arching his back with a gasp of pain as Will shoved in the last inch or so and held. His hand slipped through Hannibal's hair and tugged, lifting his face from the table, relishing the agony writ upon it as Will slowly pulled out then back in again.

"Beautiful thing," Will murmured, kissing his cheek so gently it almost hurt as much as the penetration. Friction, heat, tightness, burning, *pain, pain, pain*…

"Will -" he gasped, when Will let him bend again, kissing his throat, his shoulders, panting heat against him as he worked himself closer and closer. He pressed his forehead between Hannibal's sweaty shoulders, gripped hard to his hips as he continued to fuck him in rough, quick shoved. "Please… please may I come?"

"Can you come like this?" Will asked, as if he didn't already know the answer. As if he hadn't brought Hannibal to orgasm after orgasm, some screaming, some crying. It *hurt* , it was the most intimately Hannibal had ever been hurt, and yet his cock was straining against the front of his ruined briefs.

" *Please* , Will." Another thrust shoved Hannibal harder into the desk. He shuddered, stretching his hands out before him, spreading himself out as if to spread out the pain.

Will laughed, his lips pressed close to Hannibal's sweat-damp skin. "I'm not sure I should let you. How will you learn your lesson if I'm so gentle with you?"

He tilted Hannibal's hips up as he spoke, moaning at the strangled cry that earned him.

"I'll learn," Hannibal swore, "I'll be good for you. So good. You know I will."

Will shoved in deep, grazing his teeth along Hannibal's nape. "Come," he commanded.

Hannibal never followed orders, never allowed himself to be commanded, never allowed himself to be dominated.

But at Will's words his body convulsed in pleasure, his voice left him like a punch in the stomach, and he obeyed. Teeth gritted and sobs wracking his trembling form as Will continued to fuck him, wrapped his arms around Hannibal and held him, despite the cruelty he was inflicting.

He followed Hannibal soon after, panting against him, shaking just as hard. When he pulled free, Will immediately sunk to his knees behind Hannibal and leaned in to kiss his bruised skin, tonguing softly until Hannibal was crying in earnest against the table.

"Breathe for me," Will whispered, stroking up and down his thighs. "Breathe, Hannibal. God you're extraordinary,"

Hannibal didn't hear him. He forced his mind to slow down, forced the white and red of agony to stop flashing behind his eyelids and flow smoothly, like a stream, like a river. He shifted only when Will held him, pressing himself against Hannibal's back in gentleness now, kissing over his sweaty skin.

“God, I love you.”

Hannibal murmured something in return, words lost in the thickness of his suffering. Will thought he recognized French, and he responded in kind, directing Hannibal to lean heavily on him.

He would tuck Hannibal into bed, clean him up with a warm washcloth. In the morning, depending on Hannibal’s mood, he would either make love to him, slow and sweet, or take him like this again just to hear him cry out as damaged skin took more punishment. They would wrap up in each other the way only they could, intimate and cruel.

Will’s birthday came and went. Hannibal doted on him, but nothing seemed to have earned the secrecy from a few weeks before. It wasn’t until that evening, while they dressed for bed, that Hannibal finally said something.

“I’ve been meaning to check in on old friends.”

Will paused halfway out of his slacks. “How old?” He asked warily. He’d learned to be mistrustful of anyone who’d ever been in therapy with Hannibal.

Hannibal flashed him a smile. “There were certain people you’d seemed unhappy with, when we first set out on our own. Meals I, regretfully, could not make for you.”

Will stared him down, until the memories shifted into place, and then he let out a slow breath, smile overtaking him.

“You’re going to let me eat Bedelia.”

“I’ll make your favorite,” Hannibal promised him, stepping close to slip his fingers through Will’s curls and pressing their foreheads together. “Let me treat you.”

Will’s smile widened and he nuzzled their noses together, breathing Hannibal in and humming pleasure between them. “You spoil me.”

“Not nearly enough,” Hannibal murmured, accepting the kiss Will pressed to him and returning it. He turned his face into Will’s palm and kissed the center of it.

“Nor I you,” Will admitted, smile widening before he stepped back, fingertips to Hannibal’s lips. “And I think I should, sometimes. When you’ve been good.”

“And have I?”

“Exceptionally,” Will grinned. “Get into bed.”

Hannibal, inclined his head, eyes on Will as he moved to obey. Both were bare, both were tired. It was late and wine warmed their bellies. Will hadn’t had plans for the evening beyond falling asleep in Hannibal’s arms, if they played they played earlier, and neither had the energy now. But Hannibal’s words warmed something in him, woke up a spark that drove him to press Hannibal to the sheets with sloppy open-mouthed kisses.

“You’re going to lie back for me,” he whispered, drawing the tips of their noses together, lips parted in sympathy to Hannibal’s as he sighed. “And I’m going to drive you mad.”

Hannibal tipped his head back with a soft sigh. He loved Will’s cruelty, but there was something to be said for his mercy, for the gentle way he kissed down Hannibal’s chest and then sucked a bruise into the hollow of his hip.

“You always drive me mad,” Hannibal said, eyes slipping closed as Will parted his thighs with teasing fingers.

“I live to see you undone.” Sharp teeth grazed over the tender skin of Hannibal’s thighs, traveling upwards to nip so close to where Hannibal wanted him.

“Take me to pieces, then.”

Will smirked up at him, a vision between his thighs, beautiful and tempting. Hannibal let his head fall back again.

Will spread him wide, licking hot over his entrance and making him shudder. “I’m going to take my time,” Will told him, but it certainly felt like a rush when he dove on Hannibal once more, opening him with broad passes of his tongue.

It was a rare pleasure to know just how wanted he was. He knew that Will adored him, that he was as bound to him as Hannibal was, that they were conjoined. He loved Will in his madness and his cruelty as well as in his kindness. He loved to feel like he was an addiction to him, as surely as Will was a drug flowing through Hannibal’s veins.

As Will sighed against him, mouth hot and soft between his legs, Hannibal relaxed back heavy on the bed and moaned. He dropped a hand to Will’s hair and spread it through his curls. He wouldn’t demand. He could, and he was certain that the mood Will was in he would give Hannibal the earth and the stars, but he didn’t. He wanted to let Will surprise him and pleasure him.

And he did. Languidly tasting Hannibal and sucking his skin, taking his balls into his mouth and humming around them. He licked a long, deliberate line up the thick vein from the base of Hannibal’s cock to the head and sucked with an obscene sound at his foreskin.

“You’re delicious,” Will told him, grinning. Hannibal’s smile was lax and languid, a hand coming up to rub his eyes.

“You’re a hedonist.”

“You taught me well,” Will countered, nipping playfully at Hannibal’s thigh before sitting back, then leaning over him. He found the lube, kissed down Hannibal’s chest on his way back between his legs, and spread some between his fingers.

Fucking Hannibal was damn near an otherworldly experience; the sounds he made, the way he touched Will like he was worshiping him, even when Will was causing him such pain. The way he looked when Will drove his pleasure from him, eyes glazed, pupils wide and iris red

rimmed. But playing with Hannibal, teasing him, working him up to madness… that was a whole other ballgame.

First one finger, then two, made their way into Hannibal with slow deliberation, and Will hummed as he felt his muscles clench around him. He wondered how many times he could make Hannibal come, just from his fingers and from his words, wondered if he would come even close to giving Hannibal the pleasure Hannibal had given him with his present.

“No rules,” Will said, curling his fingers to rub gently at Hannibal’s prostate, “Come whenever you want to. So I can make you come again.” Hannibal moaned quietly, rutting back against him.

Will kept it to two fingers for now, his thrusts gentle and slow, more coaxing than fucking. On a good day, he could get Hannibal up to his entire fist, but today was for teasing, for gentle touches and soft affection.

“I want to come with you inside of me,” Hannibal said, fingers twisting gently through messy curls. Will grinned and pressed a kiss to the head of his cock.

“Don’t worry,” he murmured, “you will.”

That was enough. Heady promises, careful fingers, and that slow, easy smile were enough. Hannibal arched, pushing back against Will, and moaned as he began to come. Will worked him through it, fingers massaging his prostate with practiced precision.

The evening was a haze of pleasure-pain. Will tormented Hannibal with gentle fingers, whispered filth and sweetness to him as he panted pleas into the sheets. Will set his teeth to his nipples, nuzzled at his belly, teasingly licked his over-sensitive cock.

The first time he had brought Hannibal to incoherence, Will knew he would do it forever, for as long as either had, with the lives they led and proclivities that took them.

When he finally released his exhausted partner, Will crawled up to lay against Hannibal’s side, arm possessive against his collarbone, and kissed his shoulder.

“I love you,” he murmured, and hoped that Hannibal heard him through the haze. He didn’t say it verbally enough. He showed his love through the marks Hannibal wore, and those that Will accepted against himself. They tore each other apart and lovingly put all the pieces back together. Pieces mingled and mismatched, parts of Hannibal were in Will as Will was deeply embedded in him in turn.

The longer they spent together the harder it was to tell which parts belonged to whom.

Hannibal folded his fingers over Will’s arm and turned his face against him, saying nothing, and saying everything with that gesture alone.

Tomorrow, they might meet with teeth and talons but tonight they rested.

End Notes

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